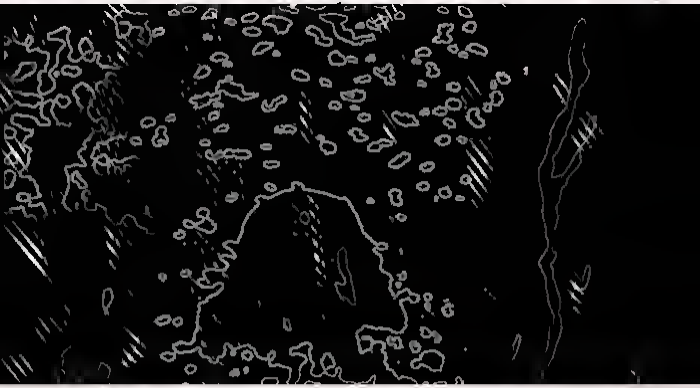
YOU NEVER KNOW HOW A
BUBBLE IS GOING TO BE
WHAT SHAPE IT IS
GOING TO TAKE

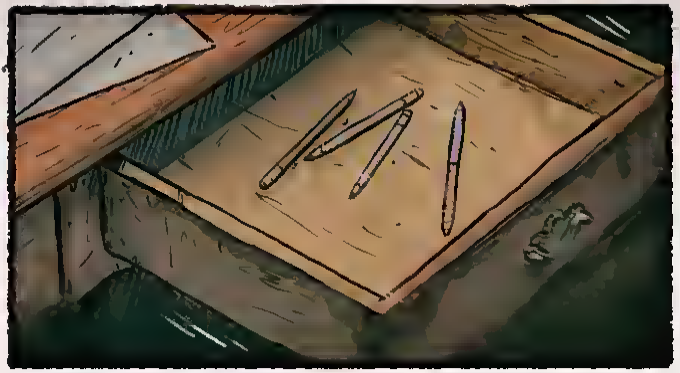
I DON'T NEED THEM.

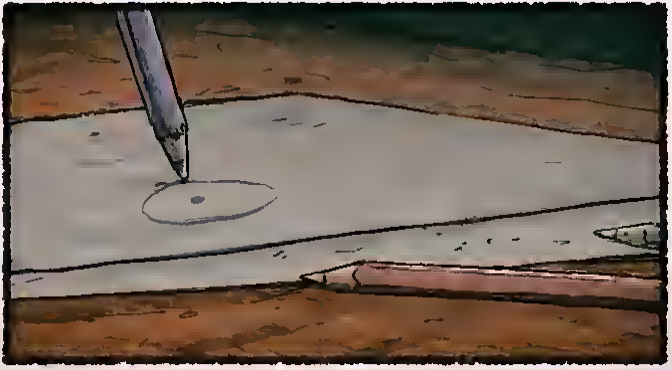


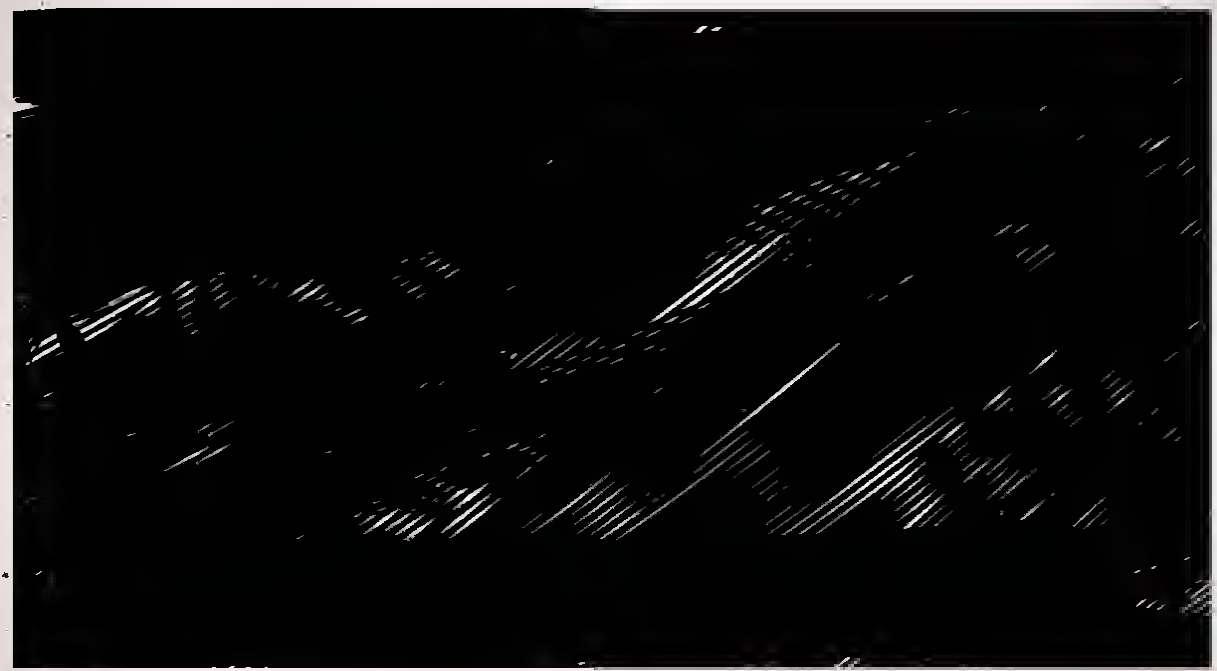
SOMETIMES THEY ARE
COLORFUL,
SOMETIMES THEY STICK TOGETHER,

I THINK OF LIFE AS A BUBBLE,

MOVING AROUND GRACEFULLY IN THE SEA OF DESTINY.

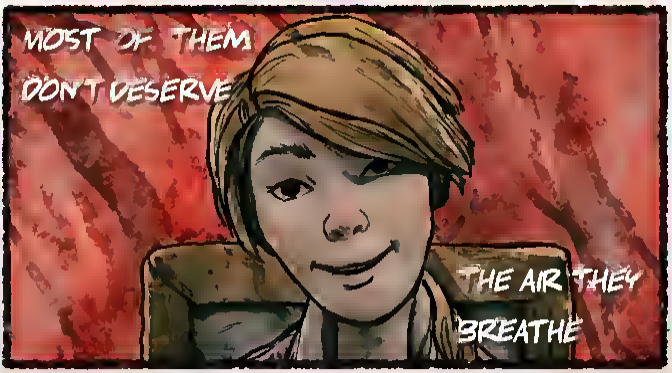






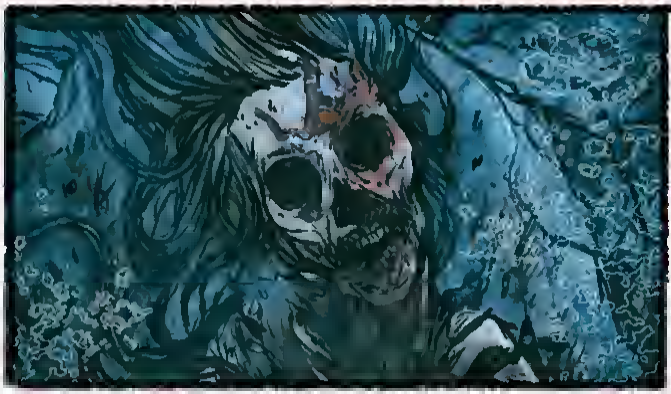
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
LIVING WITH THEIR PERFECT SMILES

HA HA HA
HA HA HA
IN THEIR PERFECT HOUSES

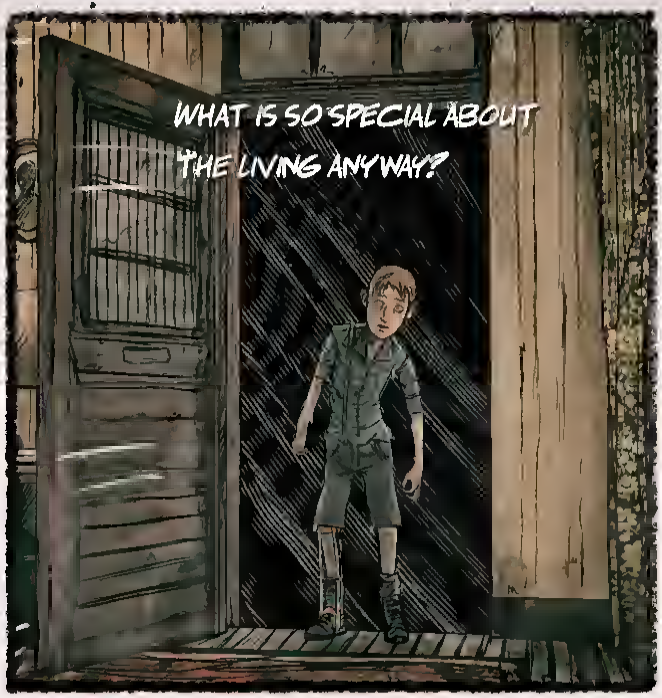

MOST OF THEM
DON'T DESERVE
THE AIR THEY
BREATHE

SELFISH, SOULLESS, NOTHING INSIDE THEM
UNABLE TO LISTEN TO ANYTHING BUT THEIR OWN VOICES
THEY WILL ALWAYS DISAPPOINT YOU, ALWAYS LEAVE YOU ALONE
THEY WILL NEVER BE THERE FOR YOU

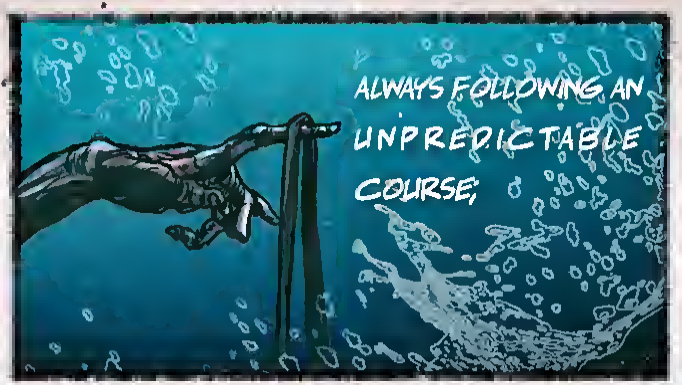
BUT YOU CAN BE SURE IT WILL POP EVENTUALLY



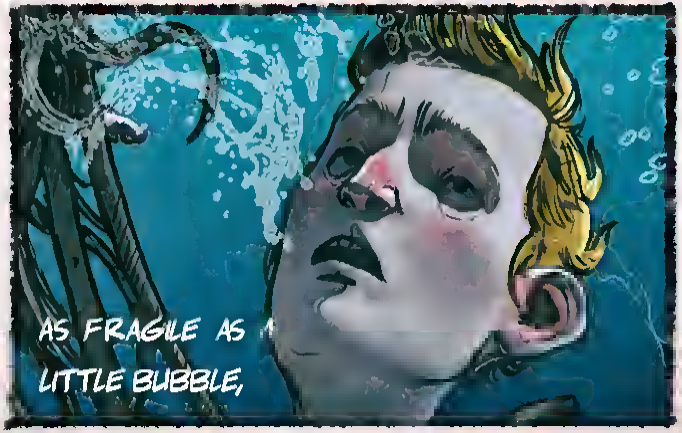
AND WHAT COMES AFTER?


WHAT IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT
THE LIVING ANYWAY?

THEY'RE NOTHING BUT EMPTY SHELLS.

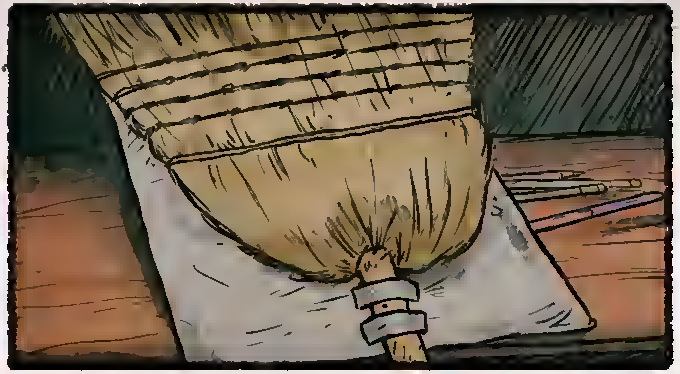

ALWAYS FOLLOWING AN
UNPREDICTABLE
COURSE,

SUCH IS LIFE,
AND AT ANY SECOND,
IT POPS AND DISAPPEARS.


AS FRAGILE AS A
LITTLE BUBBLE,

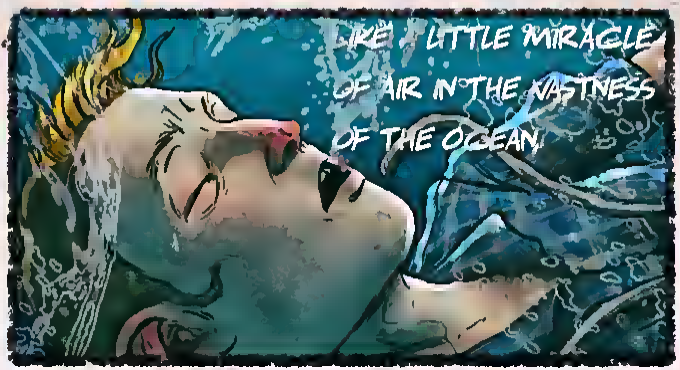
HA HA HA
WHAT USE IS THE WARMTH OF A BEATING HEART,
IF YOU FILL IT WITH COLDNESS
I DON'T NEED THEM IN MY LIFE,

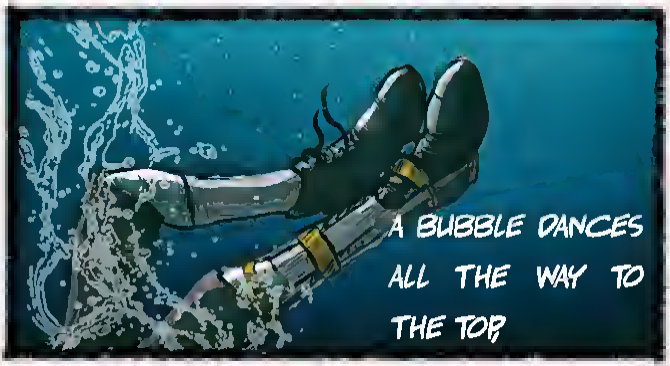
IS THAT REALLY ALL THERE IS?

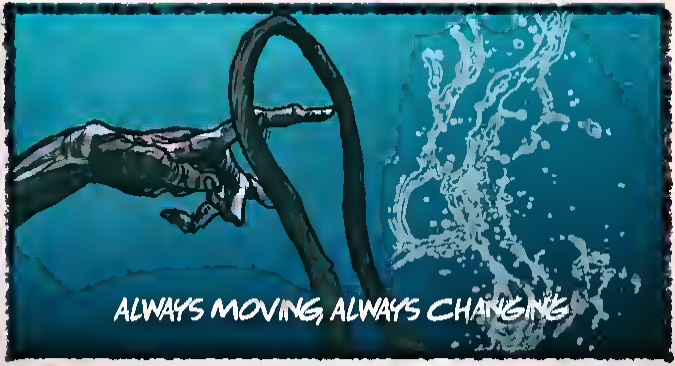


OUR EXISTENCE VANISHES.

THEY SAY THAT TO DIE,
THE ONLY THING IT TAKES IS
TO BE ALIVE...


LIKE A LITTLE MIRACLE OF AIR IN THE VASTNESS OF THE OCEAN.


A BUBBLE DANCES ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP,


ALWAYS MOVING, ALWAYS CHANGING

LINE Webtoon

AND SOMETIMES THEY'RE
JUST ALONE,
SEPARATED FROM THE BIG GROUP.

HA HA HA
THEY WILL NEVER LISTEN TO YOU

HA HA HA

AND THE LUCKY ONES WITH A
PICTURE PERFECT FAMILY